

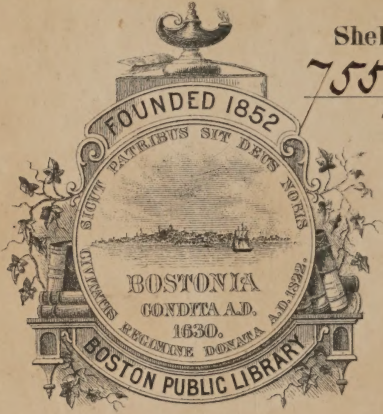
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 08631 592 4

Shelf No.

7559-18



8 APR 8
K APR 8 J

APR 22 A *29*

OCT -6



GRENOBLE.



LANCHE



AMOND:

A Heroine of the Faith.

WITH A PREFACE

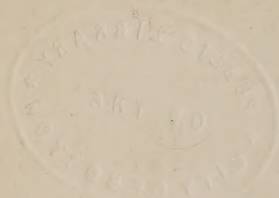
BY DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

"NOT ACCEPTING DELIVERANCE."

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY HENRY HOYT,

No. 9 CORNHILL.



7559.15

B.H.

97830

Nov. 1 1864

97830

4

CONTENTS.

PREFACE 8

INTRODUCTION 11

CHAPTER I.

THE DRAGONNADES 15

CHAPTER II.

FLIGHT AND ARREST 23

CHAPTER III.

CAPTIVITY AT GRENOBLE 40

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOSPITAL OF VALENCE 72

CHAPTER V.

NEW TRIALS 103

CHAPTER VI.

DELIVERANCE 132



PREFACE.

THERE exists at Geneva an ancient monument, whose day will soon come to a close, — the Public Library. A splendid edifice is now in course of erection to take its place, and to afford accommodation to the Academy, and to the museums of Science and of Natural History. The Library of Geneva was founded more than four centuries ago, by Bonivard and by John Calvin. Several books, classical and others, which belonged to the prisoner of Chillon, are to be found there: many of them contain marginal notes in his hand. There are also in the Library a great number of original manuscripts of Calvin, the greater part unpublished;

amongst others, the sermons preached by him at the Cathedral of St. Pierre, and many similar treasures.

Among the most interesting and the least known of these original documents is a large collection of manuscripts made by the venerable Antoine Court.

After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had almost destroyed the reformed French Churches, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, this active and persevering man undertook to restore them. He went through the provinces of France, working among the ruined churches, gathering together their scattered fragments, and creating little congregations wherever it was possible. There were but few ministers to be found in France in those days : he therefore selected from among the Protestants those who had the most knowledge of the Scriptures, and he gave them to the churches he had formed as elders and pastors. Then, feeling the necessity for educating ministers of the word, he travelled through the Protestant countries of Europe, collecting money to found a college for

theological teaching, which he commenced at Lausanne, and which was afterwards removed to Geneva. He was thus able to furnish to the churches of France a succession of educated ministers. There was no one in the first half of the eighteenth century who manifested more activity or devotion than Antoine Court.

Nor was his work restricted to these efforts. Working in view of the future, Court formed a great collection of materials to serve as the foundation for a history of French Protestantism. More than a hundred volumes of these manuscripts are preserved in the Public Library of Geneva. This collection consists in great part of manuscripts relating to events which occurred in his own times; but there are also a good many which date from the seventeenth century, or refer to that time. It has till lately been little studied; but a minister at Geneva, M. Theodore Claparède, has undertaken to examine it, and to publish the most striking parts. The history of Blanche Gamond is the first that he has given to the public.

This curious manuscript fills eighty pages of very close writing. Several faults of grammar and of orthography occur in it. A copy of the same manuscript is to be found in Monsieur le Professeur Chappuis' library at Lausanne. The identity of the two texts is remarkable. Even the faults are the same.

Internal evidence would suffice to prove the authenticity of this story. Every impartial reader will be struck with the character of truth which this simple record presents. Even the little negligences of its style attest that we have not to do with a fictitious narrative. But this is not all. The testimony of Benoist, an historian contemporary with Blanche Gamond, proves that this heroine is not a creation of the fancy, and that she did really suffer for her faith. In his "History of the Edict of Nantes," * published at Delft in 1695, the most striking facts of this narrative are related. They agree in all points with the accounts of the same facts given by Jurieu in his "Pastoral

* Vol iii. part iii. pp. 969-973.

Letters" (see those of 15th April, 1st May, 15th June, 1687), and by Madame de Brissac in her letters, the originals of which are in the Library of Geneva.

We think that the history of Blanche Gamond deserves to be read and thought over, and that it may be useful. The profession of Christianity is easy in our day. We live in peace, and in the midst of enjoyment. Such was not the case with Christians in early times, and with a great number of the disciples of the reformers. It is well that works written in that season of persecution should appear from time to time, to remind us of the truth of the Saviour's words: "If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." If God gives us all things in abundance, let us learn to give ourselves entirely to him; and let us work night and day, and say with the apostle, "Lord, I will lay down my life for thy sake."

MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

GENEVA, January, 1869.



INTRODUCTION.

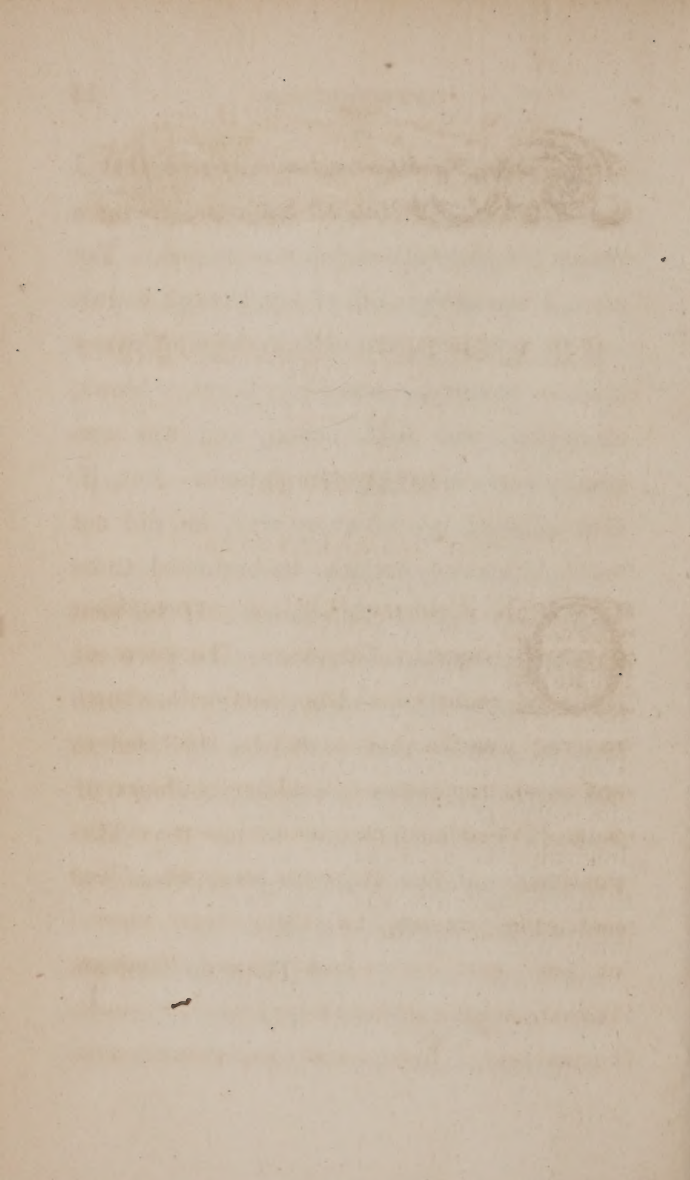
MY persecutions have been long and severe. I do not believe that in all France any one has endured greater cruelty than I have done in my own person. It is not, however, on this account that I propose to narrate my sufferings, but to seek the glory of God and of his word, which ought to be our guide in all our undertakings, and to inquire why he afflicts us; for doubtless a God who is wisdom itself has most wise ends in view in all he does. It should satisfy us to know that nothing happens except by his will. Some things which

seem otherwise are yet full of divine guidance. I undertake to show this in my own case, and more willingly since there is nothing which troubles believers more than a disbelief of it; and though we profess to believe that God dispenses our chastisements with the same justice which rules the universe, yet when we are afflicted we are unable to persuade ourselves that afflictions are desirable, and that it would not be better for us to lead an easy and untroubled life. Let us try to disabuse our minds of this error, and inquire wherefore the Lord contends with us. Having discovered the cause, let us try to put in practise the lessons we have learned.

For my own part, I am able to testify to the truth, that, where afflictions abound, grace does much more abound. It was when I was most persecuted that I felt the grace of God in me most powerfully, and the consolations

of the Holy Spirit most sweetly ; so that I was able to speak with all boldness, giving a reason for the faith which was in me. Yet more, I was always full of joy, though enduring in my own person sufferings of every kind, — poverty, hunger, thirst, blows, scourging, was half naked, and was constantly surrounded by temptations. But, if God afflicted me in every way, he did not withhold his consolations : he bestowed them upon me in richest abundance. If he sent temptation, he sent deliverance : he gave me grace to stand firm, and he brought me forth from it. Glory and praise be rendered to him eternally ! For the loving-kindness of Jehovah has been better to me than life : therefore my lips shall for ever bless and praise him. Amen.

BLANCHE GAMOND.





BLANCHE GAMOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE DRAGONNADES.

IN February, 1683, the persecutions began in Dauphiny. The town of Saint-Paul-trois-Chateaux, where we lived, was the first to suffer. Our bishop sent for six companies of soldiers of the regiment of Vendôme, and billeted them on the gentlemen of the reformed religion. The most cruel amongst the troops were chosen out, and sent first to our pastor, Monsieur Piffard, and afterwards to my father's house. I must say I have never seen worse men.

They committed a thousand ravages by day, and kept up a continual revelry all night; frying large gammons of bacon on the fire, and drinking in proportion. One person was kept constantly busy supplying them with drink. The soldiers used to say, "You may easily free yourselves from all this expense. If you will recant, money will be given you, and we shall be taken away." Many of our fellow-citizens were seduced by these means; and the billet was doubled for those who remained firm, or who were richer than their neighbors. Besides this trouble and expense, execrable cruelties were practised, persons being actually suspended from the spit before the fire, or put standing with naked feet on burning coals.

One day my mother was taken to the bishop, who offered her a large sum of money, saying, "Promise me that you and your family will change your religion, and

this shall be yours." But my mother did not yield. Soon afterwards he sent his steward, who did his best to persuade us. "It grieves me," he said, "to see the injury that has been done to you. Believe me, the bishop is willing to make it all up to you; and he will, moreover, grant one hundred francs to each member of your family." I answered him, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money. We have not been redeemed with silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, which is an infinite price. When vineyards or fields are exchanged, it is the possessor of the property which is worth least who has to give money into the bargain. Your religion must therefore be worse than ours, as you offer money to make up the value. When Christ sent out his apostles, he commanded them to take neither purse nor scrip

nor sword. You go from house to house with money in your hand, and then send your soldiers to strangle us. That is not quite the way to make good Catholics."

When he found that he could not gain us over, he left us to the dragoons, and our sufferings increased. I was considered the most obstinate of the heretics. A neighbor said one day to one of the soldiers, "Do your best to convert that girl. She is more determined in her religion than any one else at Saint-Paul. If I were you, I would carry her off to church by force." I overheard this conversation, and from that time devoted myself more zealously to the reading of the Holy Scriptures and to meditation, that I might be able to answer my enemies. Our place of worship had been closed when the soldiers came, so that I had not the benefit of any religious instruction.

In the month of April, 1683, orders came

for the removal of the soldiers; and they went away, leaving us nearly ruined by their extortions. But God, who is rich in mercy, sent us the most abundant harvest of corn and grapes that I have ever seen.

We were not long left in the enjoyment of this prosperity. In September, the rod again descended on us. Four companies of dragoons arrived, who consumed all our provisions, even feeding their horses with wheat, and leaving us to suffer from hunger. We were more oppressed than any other family in the town, not because we were richer than our neighbors, but because we were more firm in our religion. We had often to provide for twenty soldiers at once.

It was difficult, in the midst of all this tumult, to find time for reading and prayer. But by rising early, and going to bed late, I was sometimes able to gain an hour for communion with God. "My God, my Father,"

I cried, "raise my heart to thyself! Give me thy Holy Spirit, that I may not only know the truth, but also be ready to seal my testimony with my blood, if thou shouldst call me to die for thy sake." About this time, I received a letter from my godfather, M. Murant, pastor of the church at Velau, in which he said, "I have heard of your firmness and constancy, and that nothing has been able to detach you from the truth, — neither promises nor threats. I pray to God for you, with all my heart, that he would continue to bless you more and more, and pour out upon you his most precious blessings." He had doubtless heard that one day the soldiers had tried to drag me to church by force, but that God had given me strength to resist them, so that they could not succeed in their wicked attempt, and God had delivered me out of their hands.

Soon afterwards Monsieur Chamier of

Montélimard was put to the torture for his religion. When I heard of this, I began to ask myself whether I should be able to endure the rack or the stake, if God were to call me to it. Martyrs are the seed of the church: what happiness, if, by the grace of God, I was to be counted in their number. I stretched out my hand to the fire, to prove whether I had strength to endure the heat; but, as soon as my fingers touched the flame, I started back, and was forced to cry, "O God! thou must increase the might and grace of the Holy Spirit in thy children in proportion as thou increasest their sufferings, that they may be sustained through their trials; for we are feebleness itself." I was led to cry, "My God, make me to love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. O my God! make me by thy grace to renounce self! May I live in the world as not of it, and let my conversation be as a citizen

of heaven ! O my God ! sever my thoughts from earth, and raise them to heaven ; and grant me, by thy grace, that, if I live, I may live to thee ; or, if I die, I may die to thee ; and may nothing be able to pluck me from thy hands ! ”



CHAPTER II.

FLIGHT AND ARREST.

N September, 1685, guards were stationed at the gates of our town to take note of all who went in or out. I urged my father and mother to escape while there was yet time, for we heard that very many had yielded. But my mother was anxious to sell some of her furniture and to let the house. I said to her, "Mother, those who put their hand to the plough, and look back, are not fit for the kingdom." But she was unwilling to leave at present; so I went alone to a little farm in the country which belonged to us, and left her to finish her business. At the farmhouse, I spent the nights in tears and prayers to

God, beseeching him to have mercy upon us, and give us his grace to keep us steadfast. A few days after, my father and mother came to visit me; and I begged them not to return to the town, lest they should be seized and imprisoned. While we were sitting at dinner, a little boy came running in with the news that the town was full of soldiers, and all the gates had been closed. He said to my mother, "Your son was arrested just as he was passing out of the gate. They have searched him, and seized all the rings and plate which he carried." At this news, my poor mother began to weep, saying that she must go to her son. But I said to her, "They will take you too, and put you into prison. Then you will be separated from both your children, without gaining any thing. Let us throw ourselves on the protection of the Almighty, who will not forsake us. He will guard and comfort us."

A few minutes later, another person came in, saying that a company of soldiers had been told off to hunt out any Huguenots who might have hidden themselves in the mountains, and that a woman named Tayce had been seized, and dragged by a cord round her neck before the bishop.

We at once started up and fled, leaving every thing behind us, even necessaries, and took the road to Orange. Though it was only four hours distant, we spent five or six days on the journey; for my father had frequent attacks of fever, which came on whenever he tried to walk, making him fall quite helpless to the ground.

We staid about a month at Orange in fear and trembling, daily expecting an attack upon that town also. In the month of October, the refugees were all turned out, — some in the middle of the night, — in consequence of a proclamation announcing that any

citizens daring to harbor strangers would be fined.

As I was going to bed, I heard a noise of weeping. I went down stairs, and entered a neighbor's house, where I found several young ladies of Montélimart crying, and tearing their hair. "Is it possible," they said, "that we are to be delivered into the hands of the dragoons, although we have given up to them all our property?" They fled from the town at midnight. As for myself, thanks be to God! there were several persons who offered me a refuge in spite of the prohibition.

But on the 23d of the month, at three o'clock, the Count of Tessé and the intendant arrived with two companies of dragoons. The men were sent to lodge in the taverns: the count and the intendant spent the night at the bishop's palace. The soldiers behaved very quietly at first, saying that they had

come to Orange to expel the subjects of the king who had taken refuge in the principality. But, before twenty-four hours had passed, there was a great change. I left the house of Mademoiselle Gamond, a relation of mine, with the intention of quitting the town. I had hardly gone twenty steps, when I met a gentleman who asked me where I was going.

“To leave the town,” I replied.

Then he said to me in a compassionate voice, “Go back, go back: the town is surrounded by dragoons.”

I went back at once, and told my cousin the sad news. Great fear fell on all. At daybreak the soldiers went from house to house to look for the remaining refugees; and all who had concealed any were obliged to turn them out. I made another attempt to leave the town, but in vain; for none could pass through the gates who had not “the mark of the beast.” So I wandered about

the streets, and met several families going to the bishop, who said to me, "Come and do as we are doing." I replied, "God forbid! As for me, I will serve the Lord. What will it have profited you to have begun well if you do not also end well? and what advantage hath a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

While I was speaking, a company of soldiers passed, dragging to prison two faithful pastors, Monsieur Petit and Monsieur Gondrand. Two or three dragoons seized me, saying, "You are a refugee. To prison with you." By God's help, I slipped out of their hands, and fled in the direction of Syery. On the road, I was retaken by the regiment of Berbesière, but was again enabled to make my escape. In the evening, the soldiers who had been stationed round the walls all day, to stop any persons passing the gates, came in to lodge for the night; and

as the road was now clear, my father and mother and I got out of the town, by the blessing of God, without opposition.

We took refuge in a wood; and soon afterwards some kind ladies, who knew that we had had nothing to eat all day, sent us a supply of food. We spent about a month in this way, sometimes under the shelter of a rock, sometimes in the woods, and sometimes, but very seldom, in a farmhouse. Once, when it had been raining constantly night and day, and we were trying in vain to keep ourselves dry under a tree in the forest, my mother said to me, —

“You are getting very wet.”

“My dear mother,” I replied, “you are more to be pitied than I am, for you are wet through already. It grieves me much to see you suffering: but, when I was able to read the Holy Scriptures I used to see that our Saviour had not where to lay his head; and

so it was with all the patriarchs. Abraham was a stranger in the land which God had promised to him for an inheritance; Moses led the children of Israel in the wilderness for forty years; David hid himself in a cave; and all the prophets and apostles wandered to and fro. Let us remember the words you taught me, 'They subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in

sheep-skins and goat-skins ; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy) ; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.' And, mother, when I meditated on all these grand verses, I used to say to myself, you are not of the number of those noble sufferers : you live at home and at ease. But now, praise be unto God, my dear mother, for he has made us like them. We have not even a cave for a refuge. Oh, these may be blessed days if we know how to use them aright ! This is the true way to everlasting life. Why should we wish to be crowned with gold, when the Captain of our salvation wore a crown of thorns, and when we know that it is through much tribulation that we must enter into the kingdom of heaven ? ”

Shortly after, we were obliged to separate ; for, by keeping together, there was great danger of discovery. I spent three days in

a cave, without any kind of food. As to money, I had plenty of it; but I could not venture into a village to buy bread for fear of being seen. However, by the grace of God, I felt no more hunger than if I had had my regular meals every day.

After three days, I went to Orange, and had the great comfort of getting a change of linen, a luxury I had not enjoyed for more than a month. I was very well received in the town; for I found there several persons who loved me much, and treated me as their own child, receiving me whenever I chose to go to them, not thinking of the risk to themselves.

But as there were still soldiers at Orange, and the bishop was often there, I feared I might be recognized and imprisoned; so at last I determined, with the help of God, to leave France, and prayed earnestly to be assisted in making my escape. One night in

the month of March, at about two o'clock in the morning, as I lay in bed, I seemed to see a bright light shining, and heard a voice say to me, "Rise and go hence. Fear not. I will not forsake thee. I will be with thee to the end." At the same time I felt myself filled with strength, with boldness, and with courage. I arose, and dressed myself to start without delay. The ladies who slept in the same room asked me why I was rising so early.

"Because I must go immediately."

"Why do you leave us? We love you as if you were one of our own family. What shall we do without you?"

"Dear ladies, I will send you tidings of how I get on; and I hope you will have the kindness to let me also hear sometimes of you."

So I took leave of them, but not without many tears, for we loved each other tenderly.

They said, "May our dear Lord guide you, preserve you, and defend you from your enemies, as he has done hitherto!" And then I left them, thanking them humbly for all their kindness to me.

At this time, my father and mother were at Saint-Paul with my eldest brother, who lived at Paris, and had come to pay them a visit after an absence of ten years. When I left Orange, I took the road to Saint-Paul, and, waiting till nightfall, entered that town. When my parents saw me, they embraced me with sighs and tears.

I said to my father, "I have come in order to have the pleasure of seeing you, and asking forgiveness for any want of obedience I may have been guilty of. Father, give me your pardon and your blessing, for we may never see each other again." Then I turned to my mother, and made the same request of her; and they both gave me their blessing.

My mother held me in her arms, and I felt her tears fall on my cheeks. I said to her,—

“Do you remember forbidding me to go to the temple at Tulette, because you could not bear to be without me even for an hour? Now we must part, perhaps for ever.”

She answered, “It is true, my child; and I pray God to forgive me.”

Soon after this, my brother and I left Saint-Paul together. Our parents accompanied us a short way, and then returned home, leaving us to pursue our journey. The next day I said to my brother, “I am very unhappy about our dear mother. Will you go back and beg of her, by the help of God, to escape with us out of France? I should send the same message to my father, but I fear he would be unable to walk on account of the long illness he has had.” My brother did as I asked him, and succeeded in inducing our dear mother to join us in our flight. Then

we determined not to separate, unless we were obliged by force to do so; and we started all three together to seek that heavenly manna, which, having been despised and trodden under foot in France, had ceased to fall there.

That day we had to cross a mountain called Glandace, the steepest I have ever seen, and in some places we sank up to our shoulders in the snow; but God helped us through, and we arrived safely at Grenoble. There we staid for seven or eight days to get guides, and made acquaintance with Monsieur Cassagne, and his sister, Mademoiselle Marthe, from Guyenne, who joined our party.

On the 30th of March, we all left Grenoble, accompanied by four guides. We spent the night in a farm-house; and the following day the guides tried to hide us in an island near the bridge of Goncelin; but some cavalry of the regiment of Arnaudfini came to a hunt in

the island, and discovered us. Monsieur Casagne and the guides escaped, but the rest were made prisoners. This was at eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of April, 1686. We were taken to Terrasse, a village near Goncelin, where we were searched. They took nearly all my clothes, and seized some money and papers which were sewn up in my stays. The papers contained eighty or ninety passages of Holy Scripture, which had been expounded in our church by Monsieur Piffard, our faithful pastor; for I had thought that the day might come when the Bible would be taken from us, and then these verses would be a great help and consolation.

The next morning the lieutenant sent us, under guard of two cavalry soldiers, to Grenoble. When we had been about two hours on the road, my brother managed to get away from the horsemen. One of them at once pursued him, the other staid to watch us;

but, by the grace of God, he succeeded in effecting his escape. The soldiers were greatly incensed at the loss of their prisoner, but even more at the loss of ten crown-pieces, which were paid by the king to each soldier who arrested a man leaving the kingdom. They vented their rage on my poor mother and me, raising their sticks to strike us, and crying out, "We must tie these two dogs to our horses' tails," and kept assailing us the whole way to the town.

When we were brought before the intendant, my paper was shown to him. He asked, "From whence have you taken this? From the Holy Scriptures?"

"Yes, my lord," I replied; "for our faith is drawn only from what the prophets, evangelists, and apostles have written."

"To what religion do you belong?"

"To the reformed religion."

"Have you not yet recanted?"

“No: thanks be to God!”

“Will you change, and join us?”

“With the help of God I will live and die in my own religion.”

Then he said, “Off with them to prison. They’ll turn: the prison isn’t comfortable.”



CHAPTER III.

CAPTIVITY AT GRENOBLE.

N the 2d of April, we entered the prison of Grenoble. When we had been placed in a cell, my mother said to me, "My child, you must eat something, or you will faint; for it is now two days since you have taken any food."

"Dear mother," I replied, "I will do as you wish: but I must tell you, that I have not enjoyed such peace of mind as I now do, since last September; for, when we wandered about at night in the rain seeking shelter, the noises in the trees used to frighten me. Now our enemies have given us a shelter from the storms, so that the evil they intended has been turned to good."

We were taken to the *Chamber of Mercy*, which was always held before the closing of the court. After we had passed through several doors, we arrived at a large iron gate, which was opened; and we were shown into a room where the president and all the counsellors were assembled. We were made to kneel down before them, and our examination began.

They asked me my name, where I came from, of what religion I was, and whether I was ready to recant.

When I had answered, we were commanded to retire; and, although there were three of us, the others were asked no questions, and we were taken back to our cells. A month after this, a commissioner was appointed to examine us. He went through the same questions that I had answered before.

When he asked, "To what religion do you belong?" I replied, "To *the* religion."

“To which religion, for there are several in the world?”

“To the reformed religion.”

“What do you mean by calling it reformed?”

“I mean, that it has been purged from the errors and abuses brought into it by the wickedness of men.”

“Where were you going when you were arrested?”

“I was going to seek some situation where I might wait on a lady. I have never been at service; but as the soldiers have consumed all our provisions, and we have been obliged to leave our home, we must try, with the help of God, to earn our bread in some honest way.”

“Have you never renounced your religion?”

“No, thank God!”

“Where have you spent the last seven or eight months?”

“In the forests and among the rocks.”

“Do you not intend to recant?”

“No, monsieur! God forbid!”

Then he told me that I was in a wicked state of mind. “If you will take my advice, you will be happy for the rest of your life: if not, you have nothing but sorrow before you, for you will rot in a dungeon.”

I said, “My body may rot, if so it please you: my soul belongs to God, and I am satisfied.”

He said, “I only seek your good. If you will listen to me, I will take you out of prison; I will give you money, and will send you to your own home; or, if you prefer living at Grenoble, I will find you a home with a noble lady, who will treat you as her own child.”

“Monsieur, you have power to keep my body in bondage; but my soul is at liberty, and I have a conscience at peace with God, which is worth all the riches of this world.”

“Do you not know that all the great men of your religion have come over to us?”

“I know, monsieur, that I belong to the little flock which is despised by the world; but I should rather be with Noah in the ark, than be destroyed in the deluge with the whole world.”

My examination lasted an hour and a half, and God enabled me to answer the commissioner; so, finding that he could make no impression on me, he sent me back to my cell.

From time to time, ladies used to come to see us, and try to gain us over by threats or by flattery. In the month of June, I was again called up before the commissioner to go through another examination; but first I did not fail to bow my knees before “the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,” to pray for strength of body and soul.

The commissioner asked me whether I had

not yet changed my mind, and whether I was willing to go to hear the Bishop of Grenoble preach.

“No, monsieur: he is not my shepherd, and I know not his voice.”

“Why will you not hear monsieur le cardinal, and learn the doctrines of the Roman-Catholic Church? You go to listen to the sermons of your own ministers, and you read the Bible.”

“Because, monsieur, our pastors preach the word of God in purity; and as to the reading of the Bible, Jesus Christ commands, in the 5th chapter of John, ‘Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.’”

“But do you think that yours are the true Scriptures? They have been perverted. This is the way it happened. Once upon a time, three hundred fathers were assembled

in a large room, three of them a little apart from the others, and they all prayed to God. The Holy Spirit descended on the three fathers, not on the three hundred; and those three who had received the Holy Spirit formed our religion, and translated the Holy Scriptures into our language, for they were originally written in a foreign tongue. The three hundred fathers who had not received the Holy Spirit formed your religion, and translated the Bible according to your version. Power from on high had not been given to them: therefore their translation was a false one. So you err, thinking yourself to be in the true religion."

"I beg your pardon, monsieur: that is quite a wrong account of the matter. Charles V. of France, surnamed the Wise, caused a translation to be made which has since been published. Charles VIII. got the New Testament translated into our mother tongue.

Think not that the Scriptures have been falsified or added to; for he that shall add or take away one syllable, more or less than what has been written, shall be accursed of God and the church."

"At any rate," said he, "women and girls are forbidden to read the Bible."

"Pardon me," I replied. "Ought not both women and girls to know the way of salvation as well as men? Show me a single passage of Scripture forbidding us to read! I will prove to you, on the contrary, that it is enjoined upon all. The prophet Isaiah said, 'Come near, ye nations, to hear; hearken, ye people. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read.' Chrysostom both recommended and commanded women, children, poor working-people, and laborers, to read the Bible. Jerome wrote oftener to holy women than to men."

At this moment the intendant entered. I

bowed to him. The commissioner said, "Look sharp: it's getting late; it's already three o'clock in the afternoon. I see there is nothing at all to be got out of you." And they immediately carried me off to the dungeon. Here I found many prisoners whom I had not seen before. I asked where they came from, and why they were there. I learned that we were going to be placed in a dungeon in the moat. The intendant had protested against it, saying that it was too bad to put women and girls in a horrible hole, swarming with rats and mice, where the prisoners must stand on planks, and blocks of wood, to keep out of the mud and water on the floor. Some of the young ladies who were imprisoned had seen this cell in the moat, and said, that to be imprisoned there would be certain death. I replied, "If our God allows them to put us there, he can keep us as well as where we now are. We have

only to cry to him in our distresses, and he will deliver us as soon as he sees it to be for his glory, and for our good."

Meanwhile we remained crowded together in the dungeon, and were almost stifled, whilst the stench from the moat was so bad, that one young lady fainted. That night, they removed us into a cell in the moat. It was full of vermin of all kinds; the walls were running down with wet; the filth cannot be described; we were poisoned with foul smells, and had neither food nor clothes. Throughout the night, rats of an enormous size fell upon us from the ceiling, and ran over us as we lay down. As they kept us here day after day, the pious people at Grenoble began to talk about our sufferings, and to ask one another whether it was possible that they had put women and girls into the dungeon in the moat. But no one was allowed to visit us, so the truth could not be

known certainly. Some papists, however, were permitted to come and persecute us by their talk and threats. One day, a young lady, named Guichard, drew me aside, and said, "I am very sorry to see you here. They are about to inflict upon you yet severer punishment, since nothing that you have yet suffered has made you give up your religion. Your hair is going to be cut off by the hangman; and you are to be branded on both cheeks, and to be whipped through the town."

"Mademoiselle," I answered, "after all that, I suppose I shall be banished from the kingdom?"

"No. This will be done only to distinguish you from those who have returned to the Roman-Catholic church."

"Mademoiselle, with the help of God, neither your hot iron nor your whips shall be able to separate me from my God."

“What do you mean? How can a young girl like you, with the fleur-de-lys branded on her cheeks, dare to show herself anywhere? It will be a life-long disgrace.”

“Alas! I have deserved much worse at God’s hands; for my sins have been very many, and therefore God makes use of men to chastise me. But it will be only for a while. He will take me out of their hands in his own good time.”

The next day, Madame Poure came to our dungeon to exhort us to recant; and, as usual, she spoke kindly. She said to me, “If you believe in God as did the apostles, and if you trust in him to deliver you, why do not your prison-doors open, as they did for St. Peter? That would make us believe that your religion is true.”

“Madame,” I replied, “when Jesus Christ was on Calvary, they said to him, ‘If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross, and we will believe on thee.’”

One Saturday, in the month of July, I was called up for a third examination. This time I was to be confronted with witnesses, three men and two women. The commissioner addressed himself to them, saying, "Do you know this person?" The witnesses tremblingly answered, "No, monsieur."

"Did you not see her when she was seized by the dragoons, and taken to Terrasse? Was it at night?"

"No: it was about seven or eight o'clock in the morning. She had probably spent the night in the forest."

"Retire into this room, and I will question you separately."

Then the commissioner turned to me, saying, "Well, have you no pity for yourself? Are you not willing to get out of your unhappy situation? You have but to say one word, and you will not only immediately quit the dungeon, but also the prison; and you

will go wherever you please. On the contrary, if you continue obstinate, your sufferings will be daily increased: for these witnesses have come four leagues to testify against you; and, if you once let judgment be passed on you, you will spend the rest of your days in a dungeon."

"Monsieur, as God has given me strength to bear up so far, he will sustain me to the end; and, though you may deprive me of the pleasures of this world, you cannot deprive me of my God, in whom I live and move and have my being, and from whom I constantly receive comfort and help."

"But, if you were to marry, would you not change your religion? There is in this town a young man of good family, who has himself told me that he wishes to marry you, provided you will recant."

"Monsieur, no earthly motive ought to be sufficient to make a man leave one religion

and join another. If I were to do as you propose, it would not be because I have found my own religion to be bad, or because I have found yours to be good; but merely in order to get a husband. He would be dearly bought at the price of my soul!"

At this moment, the turnkey brought in Mademoiselle Cassagne, who had been taken with me, and I was sent into another room. A gentleman, who was of the reformed religion, said to me, "If you wish to hear what they say to your friend, get in here between these two doors." I did so, and heard the commissioner say, "You are following the example of that girl. I do not think there is her equal in France for obstinacy: it is she who prevents you from recanting." Then the door opened, behind which I was standing; so that I was discovered, and had to go away without hearing my friend's answer.

Three days after this, a turnkey came to the dungeon, and cried out, "Blanche Gamond and Mademoiselle Marthe Cassagne, two horsemen are waiting at the gate to take you to the palace to be judged. Make haste!"

When we arrived at the door of the palace, an usher took me in charge, and led me into a low room, where about twelve presidents, or counsellors, were seated round a table. I was told to sit down on a small stool; and they asked me a great many questions, which I answered. While my companion was being examined, I was taken to another chamber, where there were more than twenty men, who said many cruel things to me, — one, that I ought to be burned alive, and my ashes scattered to the winds as a warning to others; a second said, "She deserves to be broken alive on the wheel." As soon as my friend came out of the examination-hall, we were both taken back to our dungeon, where

we were received with great affection by the rest of the prisoners; and we all united in thanking God for his goodness in preserving us so far, and we prayed him to continue to us his great favor and his precious blessings.

We had just risen from our knees, when we heard the door open; and a man called out with a loud voice, "Blanche Gamond and Mademoiselle Cassagne!" I answered cheerfully, "Here I am." They said, "This is your sentence: you have been rebels, and you will suffer for your rebellion all your lives. I said, smiling, "I count the sufferings of this life a very small matter indeed." Then they began to read the sentence, which declared that we were both condemned to imprisonment for life, with confiscation of all our goods; also to a fine of ten livres each. Our heads were also to be shaved; and we were to be sent to the hospital at Grenoble till the parliament should decide on a place

of confinement for the rest of our lives. When the recorder had read our sentence, which contained many more articles, my dear and faithful companions fell on my neck and kissed me, saying, "Blessed art thou, for thy marriage contract has been read, and thou hast espoused the prison. We congratulate thee."

"It will be as God pleases," I answered. "His will be done."

About this time, I received a letter from my godfather; in which he said, "I am delighted to hear that God has so miraculously preserved you; and I cannot tell you what joy it is to me to hear that you still stand fast, and that you have not denied your Saviour." He exhorted me to perseverance, but, above all, to prayer. I wrote to thank him for his kindness, and to tell him of my examination and condemnation, and soon after received another letter from him, which comforted and strengthened me.

In the month of August, our allowance of bread was stopped, on the pretence that we were at once to be removed to the hospital. I said, "Are we to eat nothing in the mean time?" But three or four days passed, and we were still in prison. Sometimes they said to us, "Pack up your things; for the archers have been sent for, and you are to go immediately." Then news came that the archers had left the town for awile, but that they would come for us as soon as they returned.

The dungeon was so unhealthy from bad air and dampness, that I fell ill of a malignant fever. As I thought I was dying, I begged of the jailer and a lady called Pouret to let me see my mother, to ask her forgiveness and blessing before my death. They promised to find out whether the parliament would permit it; but three days afterwards brought me word "that she might come to me if I would recant; otherwise, not." I said, "Though

you prevent me from seeing my mother in this world, with the help of God I shall see her in heaven." They then told me that she had come to the door, asking to see me; and that, if I would only promise, she would be let in. I answered, "I will never promise. God, who has kept me till now, will keep me to the end. Leave me, and do not persecute me, for I have not strength to speak to you." I recovered from this illness; for my hour was not yet come, and greater and more cruel sufferings were in store for me.

In the month of October, nearly all my fellow-prisoners were taken away to other prisons, and my dear friend and sister Mademoiselle Cassagne and I were left alone. Just as I was recovering from the fever, a large gathering formed in my right leg, and became so bad, that it was thought my leg would have to be cut off. I could not walk at all without help. One day, the recorder,

followed by two surgeons, entered the room, where I was sitting on my bed, and spoke to me, laughingly as usual; for he had rallied me about the proposal of marriage which the commissioner had made to me. He read my sentence over again, and said, "Here are the surgeons come to put it in execution." "Monsieur," I replied, "do you think that when I lose my hair I shall also lose my strength, like Samson, and be completely in your power? No, monsieur: God will renew my strength and courage." And I sprang from my bed as if I had been in perfect health, and walked as I could not have done a few minutes before. I asked where I was to place myself, and they told me to kneel down. Then they unfastened my hair, remarking on its thickness. One of the surgeons tied it, and cut it quite short, while the other pulled with all his might till it seemed as though my head would be dragged off.

Then they took out two old rusty razors to complete their work by shaving my head. This was a most painful operation; for my head was exceedingly tender in consequence of my long illness, and they cut me in two or three places. This was in the month of November, 1686.

We had no lack of visitors, who came rather to do us harm than good, — priests, monks, bare-footed friars, and Jesuits. Every day new prisoners arrived, who had been taken crossing the frontiers, so that the house was very full; eighty women being in one dungeon, sixty men in another, and several in the different rooms and cells of the prison.

In the month of March, a list was made of all those who had not recanted; and one evening the turnkey said to a good many of our sisters, "Hold yourselves in readiness to start to-morrow." He then told Mademoiselle Cassagne and me that we were to be removed

the next day to the hospital at Grenoble. We shed many tears; for we felt bitterly this parting from our dear friends. The turnkey came early in the morning, and hurried them, saying that every thing was ready for their departure. I begged of him to tell me where they were to be taken to. He answered that he did not know, but would find out for me. Some said that they were only to be removed to other prisons; some that they were to go to Valence or to La Rapine.* We took leave of each other with mutual good wishes, and not without tears, and they left Grenoble, a party of four men and twenty-two women.

From that time, I redoubled my prayers and vows to God, asking for an increase of strength. Above all, I prayed fervently, that, if it was in accordance with his holy will, I might not fall into the hands of the cruel La Rapine. And as our Lord Jesus Christ had

* The agent of the Bishop of Valence, — a most cruel and bitter persecutor.

told us that it is only by prayer and fasting that we can cast out evil spirits, and obtain answers to our requests, I spent my time chiefly in that way.

I mortified myself to such an extent, that I became very ill, and fell into a dangerous fever, so that my life was nearly despaired of.

The turnkey and some other gentlemen came again to make a list of those who had not changed. One of these gentlemen, although a papist, was friendly to us, and promised to make inquiries as to our fate. "If I cannot speak to you," he said, "I will let you know by signs whether you are to be sent to another prison or to La Rapine. A needle will be the sign for La Rapine."

Three days after, Mademoiselle Cassagne came to me with tears in her eyes, saying, "He has shown me the needle. We shall be taken immediately to La Rapine, and then there will be no escape for us. He starves

his victims, he throws them into the water, or stupefies them with blows, and compels them to take the host. If they want to kill me, I am ready to suffer any death that may be chosen: but it will be better for me to recant than to go to La Rapine; for, once in his power, I feel I shall have no strength to resist."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "this is indeed sad news. Is it possible that you intend to renounce the truth, and to leave me, when we have spent fourteen months together? I beg of you to remember, that, if we recant now, all the sufferings we have gone through will rise in judgment against us, and condemn us. It would be better never to have known the truth, than, having begun in the spirit, to end in the flesh. My dear sister, let us encourage ourselves in our Saviour, and in the strength of his power; let us put on the whole armor of God, that we may be able to

resist the wiles of the Devil; for we fight not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits in heavenly places. Wherefore let us take the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

But the turnkey entered the dungeon, and put an end to our conversation. "I come in the name of the court," he said, "to tell you that all who have not recanted are to be sent to La Rapine; and resistance will be useless when once you are in his hands. Take my advice, and recant while you are still here; for, if you do not, you lose all chance of escape."

"Monsieur," I replied, "if I have done any thing amiss, let me die in a public place, by the hand of the public hangman; but do not send me to this private executioner, a

man possessed with the Devil. All the world will hear that the honorable parliament has in its service a secret inquisitor, who practises worse cruelties than any that are known in hell."

I then retired into one of the cells to pray, and to write a note to my father and mother, begging of them to watch at the gates of the prison for the chance of seeing me on my way out. While I was writing, two young ladies came to me bathed in tears, and my own tears were falling fast on my letter.

"For pity's sake," they said, "tell us what you intend to do."

"My intention is to follow the Lamb of God whithersoever he goeth; and I hope that God will be glorified, either by my life or by my death."

All around me were weeping; some were tearing their hair, some had already given way, and some were still holding fast. Soon

after, Mademoiselle Garsin, the sister of a pastor, came to me, and said, "So you have made up your mind to go to La Rapine. I could bear the rack; but, rather than go to him, I would recant. Truly you will not be able to resist. Stronger minds than yours have been subdued by him."

"Mademoiselle," I answered, "you give me bad advice. When you were afflicted, I did my best to comfort and strengthen you. I know that I can do nothing of myself, but I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

In the evening, our tormentors came again to persecute and terrify us; so much so, that the number of those who remained firm was reduced to three.

The next morning, my mother came to see me, bringing me a supply of linen and many other things; but I refused them, saying that I wanted nothing more in this world.

Seeing her sorrowing exceedingly, I said, "Why do you grieve? Since God has chosen to put me to the trial, his will be done. You thought that I was to be the support of your old age, but now God will take my place; and we may be sure that this affliction will be for our advantage in the end, because all things work together for good to those who love God." I had to bear much persecution that day, for more than seven persons tried to shake my determination. Whenever one left me, another came. That same day, however, I had the great pleasure of meeting my dear friend Mademoiselle de Leuze, whom I had not seen since she had been carried off at night from my side to be taken to the Dauphin's tower. We threw ourselves into each other's arms, and wept tears of joy and sorrow, — joy at each finding a companion who had remained firm in the faith, and sorrow at the thought of the sufferings which we were to endure together.

We were now all ready to start,—five men and four women — Mademoiselle de Leuze of Montpellier, Mademoiselle Dumasse of La Salle, Mademoiselle Rançout of Annonay, and myself. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 21st of May we were conducted by a company of archers from our prison to the boat. My mother, who was on the watch to see me pass, rushed out and caught me in her arms; but the archers drove her away with their sticks, and one of them gave me a blow. I was sorry to leave the dungeon where we had often united in praying and singing psalms, and I heard later that the prisoners had never dared to sing again after we were gone. On the way to the boat, to our great joy, one of our brothers managed to make his escape among the crowd which had gathered to watch our departure. In the evening, we landed, and spent the night at an inn. I did not sleep; for a candle was

kept burning all night, and the archers remained in the room to watch us. Besides this, Mademoiselle de Leuze was giving me an account of the bad treatment she had received at the Dauphin's tower. As soon as our guards went to sleep, I tore up several letters which I feared might bring me into trouble; for I was obliged to use every imaginable precaution whenever I wrote or received letters.

Next morning, we continued our journey. The boat contained, besides ourselves, two companies of chained convicts, who blasphemed the holy name of God, to our great distress. There was also a priest, who approached me, and asked where I came from. He pretended to pity me, and argued with me for about two hours; after which he was obliged to admit that persons of the reformed religion were very well instructed.

Then the boatman told us all to pray to

God ; for we were coming to a dangerous place, where boats had formerly often been wrecked. So we all knelt down, and implored protection of the Almighty, and then we got safely to shore. Two Capuchin monks met us soon after we had landed, and, having accompanied us for a little time, left us, saying, " We are going to Monsieur La Rapine, to prepare a place for you."



CHAPTER IV.

THE HOSPITAL OF VALENCE.

N the 23d of May, 1687, we entered the Hospital of Valence, presided over by La Rapine. After the archers had delivered us into his custody, they placed in his hands a packet of letters from the parliament of Grenoble. When he had read them, he made us all stand before him in a row, and said, "Here are letters from the parliament, ordering the liberation of twenty-two prisoners who were sent to me not long ago. *They* have done their duty. If you do the same, you will soon get out." Then he loaded us with promises and threats ; but, seeing that these had no effect on us, he sent Mademoiselle de Leuze to a dungeon,

saying, "You shall have one hundred blows, you beggar. Let her clothes be taken from her, and give the dog some old rags." The men were put into the men's hall, and the rest of us were sent to the kitchen. One of my companions complained to me of feeling great thirst. The servants of the hospital heard her speaking, and said, "What! are you daring to talk here? Do you not know that Huguenots like you are allowed neither to talk nor to look at each other?" Then we were searched from head to foot, and called up before La Rapine to have our names written down; after which, we were conducted to the women's hall.

In the evening, I was sent out to walk in the garden for exercise, under the guard of a woman who persecuted me without ceasing. In a little while, she said, "Come, do you not hear the bell?" I asked where she wished me to go. "To the chapel," she replied,

“to hear the prayer which Monsieur de la Rapine will offer up.” I refused to go; and presently three or four girls came and dragged me into the kitchen, where the governess of the hospital, the Sœur Marie, was. She attacked me with blows and kicks, and sent for a stick, which she broke on me, saying, “Dog! beggar! Huguenot! do you refuse to go to church?” She took off my head-gear in order to pull my hair, but found none. I was then dragged by the arms, and carried to the chapel in spite of my resistance, and of the tears which I shed, not only on account of the blows, but also because I was compelled to go into a temple of idols.

That night I was given a tolerably good bed; but I could neither undress myself nor move a limb, I was so bruised. Thus ended my first day at the hospital.

The next morning, we had to get up at half-past four; and, although a blow which I had

received on my neck made me unable to raise my head, I was obliged to work. At six o'clock, I was again taken to chapel against my will by two girls; and, when I remonstrated, saying that I was of the reformed religion, they answered, "It is the rule of the hospital. All the others go, even those who have not recanted; and nobody makes such a fuss about it as you do. Do you wish to be knocked down and beaten as you were yesterday?"

In the evening, La Rapine sent for six of us, and for about twenty or thirty Papists. He made us stand before him, and then addressed us as follows:—

"You are a set of obstinate rebels against God and the king. If you do not recant, you shall be beaten to death. I will make you come over, generation of vipers. I know my trade, you beggars. I know better how to make you obey than any man in the kingdom.

This hospital was not built for you ; but you have been sent here to conform to the rules of the place, as Monseigneur the Bishop of Valence has commanded. You shall be the scum and offscouring of the hospital ; you shall sweep and scrub from morning till night ; and, if you fail in your work, you shall have a hundred stripes. After that, I will throw you into a dungeon, where you shall die by slow starvation, and it will be impossible for you to bear up under the blows. At the very most, you may linger on for thirty or forty days. We know all about it ; for we have tried it again and again. After your death, your bodies will be thrown out on a dunghill, and the king will have got rid of a few bad subjects ; and those who pass by will say, ‘There lies a dead dog, miserable in this life, damned in the life to come.’ This is what you have to expect, dogs ! beggars ! this will be your portion.”

Then he turned to the Papist servants of the hospital, and said, "I give you orders to look after these Huguenots. Make them sweep and scrub and scour from morning till night, from top to bottom of the hospital, and do not spare them. If they are refractory, let me know at once all that they say and do. If you delay to report it to me, you shall have a hundred stripes; for you, being the servants of this house, are bound to obey me."

I have no doubt but that this account would be considered fabulous, were it not that several honorable persons, who, by the grace of God, both suffered with me and also survived, have testified to the truth of all I have here written.

That night I was removed to a room called *Sainte Therèse*, where I had sheets, and was not uncomfortable; but, the next day, I was moved for the third time, and put into a room called *Sainte Catherine*, which was so infested

with vermin, that in the morning I felt as if I had been scourged. I lay on straw, with only a quilt to cover me. In the night, the Papists used to come to see whether I had dared to get up to pray, for even that was forbidden; and, if I had been found on my knees, I should have been beaten. We were obliged to work on Sunday, and were not allowed to wash our linen, so that we were tormented with vermin. The bread which was given us was so black and sour, that, for three or four days, I could not bring myself to eat it.

On the 29th or 30th of May, La Rapine stationed himself at the door of the chapel, as usual, with a stick in his hand. As the Huguenots passed in slowly and unwillingly, he said to one of them, "Dog! I will make you go faster than that:" and he gave him a blow with his stick which knocked him down. La Rapine cried, "These dogs would rather

go to execution than to church. But the commandment of Monseigneur de Valence is, that all the inmates of the hospital shall attend daily mass. I must execute his orders; and I have stationed myself here to see that they sprinkle themselves with holy water, and make the sign of the cross. If they dare to omit this, I will put them on the rack."

We were persecuted in every imaginable way; but our greatest sorrow was being compelled to go twice a day to the idolatrous temple. I cannot think, without bitter tears, of this, the greatest sin of my life; and I implore the prayers of all pious persons, that my transgression may be forgiven. I know and confess that I did not live up to the high standard of our holy religion, and therefore God allowed me to suffer all these evils.

On the 9th of June, Mademoiselle de Leuze and I were set to work to carry water. A

girl named Muguette followed us with a rod, with which she struck us over the knuckles. The bucket of water was so large and full, that it would have been a heavy load for two men; and we were so weak that we let slip the stick on which it was slung, and spilled two or three glassfuls of water on the pavement. Muguette instantly reported this to La Rapine, who came shortly after into the hall where I was spinning, and called out, in a great rage, "Where is that dog of a Huguenot? Come here to me, and I will put an end to this kind of work. You are not satisfied with being bad yourself, but must contaminate others. Down on your knees, beggar! You shall receive a hundred lashes immediately." Then he left me, still kneeling, and praying to God for grace and mercy. The Sœur Marie, who was a second La Rapine, and who was in league with him to destroy me, said, "What are you doing?

Get up ! Are you not a fool to resist so long ? If you will promise to recant, you shall go to Geneva whenever you like. Why do you not free yourself from all this misery ? We make you draw water to be thrown away, and sweep the garden when it does not want sweeping. You know that it is only done to wear out your patience. If you have any charity, show it by taking pity on yourself. Presently you are to be scourged till you are covered with blood ; and even then you will not be killed, but left to languish in pain and wretchedness. Believe me, you have nothing to lose by recanting ; for now you cannot attend the ordinances of your own religion, and are obliged to go to church with us."

"I go under compulsion," I answered : "but I do not believe your doctrines ; and your persecutions have only strengthened my faith in my own religion, so that I am now more decided than I was when I came here."

She went away, and La Rapine entered, foaming with rage and fury. He said, "Are you still here? dog! beggar! Have the hundred lashes not been dealt out to you yet? and do you still persist in sticking to your accursed religion? I promise you that you shall suffer as a martyr, but as a martyr of the Devil." Then he went to the kitchen, and said to the cooks, "Scourge this Huguenot without mercy. If you spare her, you shall be put in her place."

So I was taken into the kitchen, and the doors were shut. Six girls were there, each provided with a bundle of switches a yard long. They undressed me, and tied me to a beam by a cord, which they fastened as tight as possible. Then their rage burst forth, and they began to strike me, saying at the same time, "Pray to your God." I never felt such comfort in my soul as I experienced at that moment; for I had the great honor of

being beaten for Christ's sake, and I was filled with his grace and benediction. How can I describe the inconceivable peace which was given to me? In order to know it, one must go through the like trials; for where afflictions abound, grace doth much more abound.

They cried, "We must redouble our blows. She does not feel them, for she neither cries nor speaks." How could I scream? for I was almost fainting. At last, my strength completely gave way, and my feet could no longer sustain me, so that I hung by my arms to the beam. Then they untied me, and laid me on the floor, to strike me more at their ease, and broke their last rods on my back, till the blood streamed from my shoulders. My courage was gone. I fell on my face, and cried, "O, God! my God! have mercy on me. I am sorely afflicted." Two of the girls raised me, and put on my clothes, twist-

ing my arms, and saying, "You shall be treated just like this to-morrow if you do not change." I answered, "I know that I shall exchange earth for heaven, but not my religion for yours." I begged of them to put my clothes on loosely, and not to fasten them: but they only tightened them the more; and, as my wounds were very much inflamed, I suffered agonies.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon; and, although I could hardly stir from pain, I was obliged to return to work. Sometimes a call came for "four Huguenots to draw water;" and then a few minutes later, "two or three more Huguenots to carry flour."

Every day our sufferings increased, till we looked upon the hospital as a sort of hell. We had no respite from persecutions. Even Monsieur Clary, a man who had formerly been a pastor, used occasionally to visit us, and try to shake our faith.

One night, as I lay in bed, Mademoiselle Anne Dumas crept softly to my side, and whispered, "I come in the name of all our sisters to entreat that you will give up arguing with the Papists. We have heard that you are to be beaten again to-morrow for having dared to answer M. Clary. We cannot bear to see you suffering so dreadfully." I answered her, "Do not trouble yourselves about me. He who has given me strength to speak will also give me patience to bear."

One Saturday, I was busy all day washing up plates and dishes; and in the evening I was given five or six candlesticks to rub, one of which was very nearly broken. I gave them back looking as bright as if they had just come home from the shop; for I always tried to please, and to give my enemies no cause for scolding me. Unfortunately, the rubbing completely finished breaking the

cracked one, and they said that my bones should be broken in return. This sad news soon spread through the hospital, and I met with great sympathy from my dear sisters. Monsieur Rozier, one of the Huguenot prisoners, sent me a message, advising me to offer to pay for the candlestick, and promising that he would supply me with money if I had none. I replied that I had already offered payment, but had been told that I must suffer personally.

The following day, which was Sunday, we were given orders to sweep one of the courtyards, but were provided with so very few brooms, that we were obliged to gather up the dust with our hands. When that was done, we were sent to weed the garden. I said to the Sœur Marie, "You make us work on Sunday. Do you not know that those who profane the day of rest shall not enter the kingdom of heaven?" She

replied that the holy father had given permission for work to be done in the hospital on that day.

I must not forget to say that the Count of Tesse, accompanied by two bishops, paid us a visit about this time. He asked La Rapine whether the prisoners sent by the parliament had recanted. La Rapine answered that they had not yet done so, and that they were obstinate and headstrong. "But," said he, "I am doing my work well, and all is going on as it should. They are the offscouring and scum of the hospital. I daily increase their sufferings and tortures; and, if they fail in their duty, you know the law of this house." This law was, that any person, whether Papist or Huguenot, neglecting his work, should receive one hundred stripes. We heard from Louis Bla, who acted as surgeon to the hospital, that he often attended inmates whose elbows or arms or legs had

been broken or dislocated by blows. You may imagine how we heretics were used, who had been sent by the court of Grenoble for the express purpose of being abused and knocked about.

La Rapine used to say to us, "The parliament gives the orders, and I execute them. I do the bidding of the king my master and of God."

On Sunday evening, I got a message from him to prepare myself, as the following day I was to be scourged on account of the broken candlestick. The cruel Sœur Marie told me that my life would be a short one. "Tomorrow," she said, "you will be beaten to death." Truly, unless God had ordered it otherwise, all had been over with me; and, if La Rapine had reigned four days more, my dead body would have been thrown out on the dunghill. But God was touched by our tears, and heard our prayers. He thought on

our misery, and delivered us at a time when we least expected it. On the same day, the 11th of July, La Rapine was obliged to leave the hospital suddenly, between nine and ten o'clock at night.

I swept the hall, and then the offices: but I got through my work very slowly; for since my beating I had become almost like a leper, and was covered all over with large blisters of bruised blood.

But I must not omit to relate what happened to me eight or ten days before. Early in the morning, while the Papists were still in bed, I got up and went over to the window to try to clear my clothes from the vermin which tormented me, thinking that no one could see me. I had hardly begun when Françon Pourchillonne, one of the girls who had helped to beat me, came up and gave me such blows on my back as to re-open the wounds which had just begun to heal. I

screamed with pain, and, turning round, asked her why she had struck me.

“What!” she cried, “are you not doing what has been forbidden? Do you know that it is intended you should be devoured by vermin, as you refuse to recant? I shall report it to Monsieur de la Rapine, and you will be scourged.”

This blow so disabled me, that I could not stoop down to sweep; and, while I was trying to do my work, the murderous Marie came up. She aimed a blow at my face with a bunch of keys which she held in her hand, saying, “You beggarly Huguenot, have you not yet finished dusting these boxes?” By the grace of God I escaped, and the keys struck the wall with such violence that they broke off part of the plaster.

The same day, I was seized with a fever, which used to increase violently at five o'clock in the morning. I slept on the floor,

and should have been happy there if I had been left in peace; but besides my keeper, who persecuted me incessantly like a demon, priests came to visit me. On the 15th of the same month, a Jesuit arrived, accompanied by another man. He entered the room where I was; and, on asking where the religious prisoners were, we were pointed out to him. He was very polite to us, and made us great offers, professing sorrow for our afflictions. "I hear," he said, "that La Rapine has made you suffer much. Why do you not get yourselves out of all this trouble? It is ignorance which prevents you from adopting our religion, and I am sure there are people here who will willingly instruct you." A woman named Magdelon Rufit, who had been confined in the hospital for misconduct, and who was one of our tormentors, took upon herself to answer, and said, "I am here for that very purpose, most reverend father. Monsieur de la Rapine

has given me orders to instruct them, but they will not submit to my teaching." I said that I did not wish to be instructed in a religion which I would never profess. After some conversation, the Jesuit became angry, and, having abused me, went off to La Rapine to make his report, which resulted in terrible threats to me. This was one of my fever days, so that I had hardly strength to stir, and it was in vain that I tried to lie down and rest myself, for I could lie on no part of my body without agonizing pain. I had become an object of disgust to all who saw me, not only to my enemies, but also to the dear sisters who suffered with me for Christ's sake.

While I was in this state, Magdelon Rufit came to say that Marie had given orders that I should be put into one of the dungeons for having answered the Jesuit. "Very well," I said: "get the keys. I am more

ready to enter it than you are to open the door." They intended to frighten and punish me ; but I had no greater wish than to be alone with my God, that I might ask him to strengthen me in my infirmities.

On the 18th of the same month we were miraculously delivered from La Rapine's wicked colleague, the cruel Sœur Marie ; for while she was in chapel, at seven o'clock in the morning, she was sent for in great haste, and had to leave the hospital without delay. We never saw her again.

The next day I swept the hall, and then, as one of my attacks of fever came on, and I felt very unwell, I went to lie on my bed, where I found also Mademoiselle Dumasse, who had been ill ever since her scourging.

I had hardly lain down, when the two girls, Roulatte and Grimaude, came in in a furious passion. "Come to mass," they said. "You are the only one missing, and we have been

hunting everywhere for you." I refused to go, and begged of them to send me the governor of the hospital, who I was sure would listen to reason. Upon this, they dragged me from my bed, and threw me on the ground, saying, "You are rebelling just because Monsieur de la Rapine and the Sœur Marie are away; but they will return, and, in the mean time, we shall be even more severe than they were. If you will not yield to fair means, you shall to foul. We will carry you to mass. Come, Huguenot, go on." As I would not stir, they kicked and beat me. Mademoiselle Dumasse said, "How can you have the heart to act so? Do you not see that she is in a high fever, and not fit to walk?" But they answered, "We shall come back presently for you, as soon as we have taken her to the chapel, and if you resist, you shall be treated just in the same way." So they dragged me off by main

force, and I wept and cried, not so much on account of their blows, as because I was forced to attend their idolatrous worship. When we arrived at the door, the monk who was to celebrate mass came out, dressed in all his vestments, to see what was the matter. Roulatte told him that I was a Huguenot, who pretended to be ill in order to escape mass. I turned to the Capuchin, and said, "Look at my arms, which are black from the blows given to me because I refused to go to mass. Monsieur de la Rapine has forced me to attend daily service ever since I have been in this hospital; but I am of the reformed religion, and I hope never to commit such a sin again. I should rather die; and if you choose, you may put me to death now, for I am ready."

The monk was very much touched, and spoke many comforting words, telling me not to grieve, as I should never again be com-

pelled to go. He felt my pulse, and finding that the fever had risen to a great height, made me sit down on the stairs, saying, "I beg of you not to weep so much; you will increase the fever." It was very true; but I could not help crying, for I suffered agonies from the blows those two girls had given me. Still my soul was filled with joy and gratitude to God, who had heard my prayers and delivered me from two sore troubles, — Sunday work and attendance at mass. While I was thanking God for his great mercy, another priest came up, Monsieur Genest, whom La Rapine had left in his place. He told me that I had made a great disturbance and scandal in the hospital. He said, "Take my advice and change your religion. I will write an adjuration for you in such a way that it shall get you out of this place without offending God."

"Monsieur, God will let me out in his own

good time. I will not exchange my pure and holy religion for one which has been added to or taken from."

"What has been taken from it?"

"The cup, monsieur, concerning which Jesus Christ said, 'Drink ye all of it.' You keep it from the laity."

"I promise you, on the faith of the priest," he replied, "that it shall be given to you."

"What good would it do to give it to me while you deny it to others? Give it first to all your flock; put away the pictures and statues out of your churches; preach the pure gospel of our Saviour Jesus Christ, instead of reciting masses; for St. Paul says to the Hebrews, 'Jesus Christ offered himself up once for all,' and there is therefore no need that he should be offered up a second time. Moreover, no sacrifice is made without blood."

Thus we conversed during the hour of

mass, and then Monsieur Genest went away offering me assistance, for which I thanked him very humbly.

Presently he returned with Monsieur Durand, and said, "I have myself fetched the doctor to prescribe for you." The doctor examined me, and gave directions that I should be bled and take some medicines. I had been fed for some time on broth made of cabbage boiled in water, with a very little butter and salt; and, as my appetite had not been good enough to eat heartily of this, I had become so weak that I felt I could not bear the doctor's remedies, and refused to submit to them. He told me that I was dangerously ill, and then turning to Monsieur Genest, said, "I have never seen a patient in such a state." Roulatte came the same day and removed me to the infirmary, and put me into the bed in which Monsieur Melluret, the illustrious martyr, had died.

A report of all these doings was made to the Bishop of Valence, who accordingly visited the hospital, accompanied by the governors. The girls who had beaten me went up to him and said, "Monseigneur, these Huguenots are obstinate and rebellious: they will not go to mass." "Of course they will not go," the bishop replied, "for they have not changed their religion." They told him that Monsieur de la Rapine had not minded that, and had driven us to church with blows. "That must not be done," answered the bishop; "the king has forbidden it."

I remained in the infirmary two months, with a continued fever and several violent attacks. When I asked for water to moisten my lips, the answer I usually received was, "Become a Catholic, and you shall have some." At this time a good man, who had been imprisoned in the hospital for the true

religion, and who had secretly done all he could to relieve us, went away, so we were left without any human help. For a fortnight I was given nothing to eat, and one of the servants was heard to say, "This bed will be mine, for she to whom it now belongs is going to die. Several of my dear sisters having seen my eyes bandaged, the report went all through the hospital that I was dead; but the prayers of my pious godfather and of the church were heard on my behalf.

The very day that my death was thus hourly expected, God raised me up a friend in Mademoiselle Auberton, of Valence, who came to see me, bringing with her two fresh eggs. These she boiled lightly, and then separating my teeth with a spoon, put a little of the yolk into my mouth. "I have often tried to see you," she said, "but was never allowed to come in. If I had been here sooner, you would not be in such a state, and

now I hope to visit you every day." This dear lady came daily six or seven times, but after that she was turned away from the door, and not allowed to enter the hospital.

About this time I received a letter of sympathy and encouragement from a very celebrated lawyer. I was suffering so much from my eyes that I could not read the letter myself, but I sent it to my dear sisters in the dungeon, and they read it with great joy.

Even in illness, we had no respite from the visits of our persecutors. One day a priest entered the room where I was, and hearing that I was a Huguenot, came over and stood beside my bed. They besought him to leave me alone, for that I was very ill; but this did not hinder him from disturbing me. He took off the sheet which covered my face, and, when he saw me, said, "You had better look to yourself, for you are in a bad state." I replied, "Monsieur, you have more need to

look to yourself, for you have two masters to serve; how will you manage to please both?"

He said, "What two masters? Who are they?"

"God, and the commandments of your Church."

He answered, "The commands of our Church are just like the orders of your synod."

"Monsieur, there is this difference. Our pastors ordain nothing which is not in the Scriptures."



CHAPTER V.

NEW TRIALS.

HORTLY after this, orders were given to prepare ourselves, as we were to be transported to America in three days. Some one said to us, "When you get to a little distance from the shore, you will be made to pass along a narrow plank, off which you will be thrown into the sea, so that the whole race of Huguenots may be extirpated." I answered, "What difference does it make whether my body be consumed by fishes or by worms? for the day will come when the sea must deliver up its dead."

As soon as we were alone, Susanne de Montélimard said, "Had we not better break

these bars, and make our escape through the window?" I said, "We are so very high above the ground, that we must either be killed or maimed in getting down; and then we should be retaken, and treated even worse than now. If that were to happen, and I were to be scourged again, I should not survive it. I prefer going to America, and trusting to God to deliver us, as he has delivered us from La Rapine." She said, "If they had done to me what they have done to you, I should be dead by this time. But the fact is, they are now starving us to death: and it seems to me as if we were despising the means of escape which God has put before us; for I am sure that we could get through this window. I am for trying it."

So we cut up a sheet into strips, which we knotted, and sewed together. Then the height of the window from the ground was measured by tying a stone to the end of a

cord, and we managed to open the padlock which fastened the grating. We were on the fourth story, so that the rope was much too short; and we were obliged to tear up two more sheets to add to it. Then I went to the window; and, when I saw how high up we were, I said to my dear sisters, "Alas! we shall be killed; for it is quite fearful to look down."

At about ten o'clock at night, the great bell of the hospital rang for half an hour, which was not at all usual. We asked the meaning of it, and were told that robbers had got into the kitchen through the garden. But others said, "The hospital is on fire: they want to burn us all." Then a Papist came up with the same news; and there was running backwards and forwards, some going to Monsieur Genest's room, and some to waken the servants. Presently a Huguenot came to us and said, "It is all over for this

evening; but some night, when we are in our first sleep, we shall be surprised in our beds, and burnt alive."

As soon as our guards had gone to sleep, we arose quietly, and crept over to the window on our bare feet; for we feared that the priest who slept in a room underneath might hear us moving. The first to get out was Susanne of Montélimard, in Dauphiny; then Mademoiselle Terrasson of Diè, in Dauphiny; I followed; and last came Mademoiselle Anne Dumasse of La Salle, in Languedoc. When I had got outside the window, and had just taken hold of the sheet, my strength failed me, and I heard the bones of my arms cracking. Besides this, my dress had caught on a nail, so that I was obliged to hold on to the rope with one hand while with the other I freed my dress. I felt all my strength and courage going; and crying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" I seized

the sheet between my teeth, and then, grasping it with both hands, let myself down. I fell with violence on some building-stones beneath the window. My dear sisters, who were waiting for me, lifted me up, and asked where I was hurt. I answered, "I am hurt all over, and I have broken or dislocated my thigh. It is God's will. Help me to bind it up with my apron." So we moved on, my two companions supporting me, for my wounded leg was quite useless; and, after sixty or seventy paces, we arrived at the gate of the Faubourg de Valence, where we were obliged to stop, finding it locked. I was helped up to the top of the wall; but when I looked down on the other side, and saw how high it was, I exclaimed, "This is a second precipice, and I have not the courage to face it. Leave me, and do you go on." They let me down from the wall at the side from which we had come, and then with great

difficulty themselves descended at the other side.

Mademoiselle Dumasse called out to me, "We are going, and are very sorry to leave you. God bless you, and save you from the hands of your enemies. Give me your blessing."

I answered, "What am I that I should bless you? but I pray that God may bless and prosper and guide you in all your ways. I beg of you to go as quickly as possible: one is quite enough to be retaken."

So I remained alone, in great and incessant pain; and, as it was not yet day, I raised my heart in prayer to God in the words of the thirty-eighth Psalm: "Lord rebuke me not in thy wrath, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure," &c. After this, I fainted, and remained unconscious for about a quarter of an hour, there being no one to comfort me or to revive me with a drop of water or vinegar.

Whenever I became conscious, I cried and prayed to the Lord ; but I had several fainting fits. The night passed in this way, and at last morning came. A gentleman passed while I was repeating a Psalm, and said, "Mademoiselle, it would be more respectable for you to go home than to stay where you are." I replied, "Monsieur, if you knew who I am, you would not speak to me in that way."

Soon after the gates were opened, and the passers-by did not fail to judge me hardly, seeing me lying by the side of the road so early in the morning ; but I prayed to God to send a good Samaritan to bind up my wounds. I asked a man who was passing by whether he knew Mademoiselle Marsilière ; and, as he told me that he did, I requested him to go and beg of her to come and see a friend who was going away, and who wished to say farewell to her. He promised to do so at once,

and presently Mademoiselle Marsilière arrived. She asked whether it was I who had sent for her. I said, "Yes, mademoiselle. Save my life, I entreat of you: help me to get behind a bush, where I may die in peace without being seen." She said that I wanted to ruin her, and get her into danger and trouble; and that she would go away, lest she might be seen, and carried off to prison. As she had belonged to the reformed religion, I asked whether she had the heart to leave me lying in the street. "At least, drag me behind the wall, that I may not be seen by all the passers-by." She was a little touched, and said, "I will send a man with a horse to remove you from this place." But she only said that to quiet me. I begged of her not to do so, as it would be dangerous to make so much fuss; but she walked away in the direction of the hospital. I called out to her, "Mademoiselle, for mercy's sake do not go by

that street: you will bring destruction on me, and cause me to be retaken." She answered that that was her only way; but I learned afterwards, from several credible persons, that this was not true.

She very soon returned, accompanied by Monsieur Genest, the priest of the hospital, who said to me, "Ah, here you are! We have been hunting everywhere for you. You must tell me who gave you a key to open the window, who helped you to escape, and where your companions are: otherwise you will be severely punished."

"Monsieur," I replied, "you will soon make an end of me; for my body is one mass of bruises, and I have hardly any life left in me. Do with me what you will; for, as to telling where my friends are, I do not know myself. I have not seen them since two o'clock this morning. The window was opened with a stone and a nail, without a

key. No one helped us in our escape ; for, if I had had help, I should not be in this state." He asked who had torn up the sheet, and fastened it to the beam in the roof. "Monsieur, I do not know. You know how ill I was, and that I had to be assisted to get up to have my bed made. Moreover, I had nearly lost my sight, so that a screen had been put at the foot of my bed to shade me from the light."

Then he said, "We are going to look for the others. Do not stir from this place." "Alas ! monsieur, if I were able to stir, I should not be here ; and as to the others, you need not take the trouble of searching for them. They are, by this time, far away." Notwithstanding they set off, and soon after I heard that Mademoiselle Terrasson had been taken. This was a great sorrow to me ; for I had hoped to return to that hell alone, and I was grieved to think that my dear sister was also to suffer.

I was now to be moved to the hospital. Monsieur Genest sent for four men, who took me up in their arms, and carried me into one of the court-yards, where they laid me down on the pavement while they went off to their breakfast. I cannot describe the agony of this short journey.

It was on Sunday morning, the 6th of September, that I was brought back. Twenty or thirty young men and girls surrounded me, like ravens over a dead body, tormenting and insulting me; one saying that I was possessed with a devil, and another that the devil had helped me to escape. "But now, Huguenot, we have got you, and will keep you, and you will have to recant."

While they were thus pouring out their venom and spite upon me, I raised my eyes to heaven, and cried, "O Lord! how long shall mine enemies triumph over me? Save me, O Lord, by thy name, and judge me by

thy strength ! Because for thy sake I have borne reproach, shame hath covered my face," &c.

Then I looked towards the gallery, and saw my dear sisters speaking to me by sighs and tears, which flowed at the sight of my misery. I asked several times for a drop of water, but no one heeded me. Then I begged of Monsieur Genest to send for some for me, and to have me removed from the pavement where I was lying. I also asked him to have a sheep killed, that I might be put into the warm skin, promising to pay for it myself. He said, " I will do what I can for you ;" and sent off a messenger at once to see about it. When the men had breakfasted, they came back to carry me to the infirmary. One took me by the head, and the others by the waist, and then began to ascend the stairs. I suffered as if I were on the rack, and was so shaken at every step, that I could feel all my bones grating together.

I was too weak to scream, and the men were obliged to stop every moment. They would have put me into a room by myself; but, by the mercy of God, the key could not be found, and I was laid on a bed next to my dear friend Mademoiselle Terrasson. We had to comfort each other with tears; for she also was all bruised and out of joint, and could do nothing for me.

At that moment, Monsieur de Bressa, a gentleman of Valence, and first governor of the hospital, entered the infirmary. He addressed himself to my dear sister, asking her whether she would recant; and, when she replied that she would not, he said, "Where is the other one with the broken leg?" A Papist who was in the room answered, "Monsieur, she is lying for dead in that bed." He then turned to me, saying, "Will you not recant?" I said, "No:" upon which he threatened us both with great and cruel

menaces ; and, calling a maid, told her to get the men to carry us to the dungeon. He said, " You will be thrown into the lowest dungeon, where you will perish miserably."

Soon after, three or four girls came to undress me. I screamed when they pulled off my stockings, for the bones of my left foot were dislocated. Then I was put into the sheep's skin, and left for three days without being moved or having my bones set. At last, at our urgent request, Louis Bla was sent. He first attended to Mademoiselle Terrasson, and then to me. It was a long business ; for there were six bones to be set : some were broken, and some out of joint. My thigh was dislocated, and had begun to mortify. I groaned and cried like one on the wheel, so that even my enemies were touched ; and some women left the room weeping, and saying, " It cuts one to the

heart to see such suffering, even though she is a Huguenot." When it was all over, I was swathed and rolled up in bandages like a new-born child.

For eight days, nobody came to examine our wounds. I was given no broth, and had nothing to eat except some eggs, which I occasionally got by stealth. Monsieur de Brezane came from time to time to see us and threaten us, saying, "You have not escaped going to America; but for the present you shall be put into a dungeon." The children of the hospital were our daily tormentors. They used to play up stairs, and drag the chairs about till the floor shook; and I felt as if my bones were being pulled one by one. I begged of them to have pity on me, and not walk so heavily; but that only made them angry, and even noisier than before.

Sometimes I was not moved for two days;

for I could never stir without screaming with pain, and it took four people to raise me. Each laid hold of a corner of the mattress, and lifted it to the ground. Then two of the girls held me in their arms while the others made my bed. But it was even more difficult to put me back again; for I was in such a state that my skin came off wherever it was touched.

Monsieur Genest and Mademoiselle Crest of Valence, who had the kindness to visit us, can witness to the truth of all I say. They said to me, "If you would keep yourself quiet, you would do much better; for your groans and the movements you are making increase your illness." "Alas! mademoiselle," I answered, "it is impossible. I am so restless, that I cannot keep myself quiet."

They then turned to Mademoiselle Terrasson; and Monsieur Genest said to her, "Here is a letter for you, announcing the death of

your husband.* He has been buried in a garden." This sad news added greatly to our sorrow, particularly to that of my dear sister, for her husband was her only earthly support. I did my best to comfort her.

About this time, my father came to see me. You may imagine his grief, and the tears he shed, when he saw his child in such a lamentable condition. He said to the governor, "Monsieur, I beg of you to give me my daughter that I may nurse her; for the poor thing is not able to help herself even to a drop of water. It ought to be poured into her mouth: she is so broken down, that she cannot even raise her head. You say that you have not people enough to attend to her: I entreat you to give her to me, and I will take care of her, and return her to you when

* Jean Raymond. The narrator, following the custom of the time, calls Madam Raymond by her maiden name. A record of the sufferings of the Raymonds is in existence.

she is better. In the mean time, I will give security; or, if you do not trust me, I will find one or two persons at Valence who will go bail for her."

They answered, that, though he were to pay one hundred pistoles, he should not have me.

Then he said, "Well, send her to lodge with a Catholic by birth, and let her be nursed there: I will pay the expense."

But the governor replied, "She must recant, otherwise she shall never leave this place. You shall not get her at any price."

Next day, when my father arrived at the door of the hospital, he was sent away. I had the pleasure of seeing him two or three times; but, after that, he was forbidden to see or speak to me any more.

We had a second visit from the Count of Tessé, who came accompanied by the new bishop of Valence, with Monsieur de Bressa, Monsieur Genest, several priests, and others.

They were obliged to leave my room as soon as they entered it, because of the stench from my wounds, which ran night and day. You may imagine our delight at thus quickly getting rid of our enemies. We laughed heartily at their discomfiture, and thanked God for it.

From time to time, ladies came to persecute us. I used to say to them, "Ladies, you may go away. La Rapine has been here, and has done all in his power to make us recant; so your efforts will be in vain, and you will only lose your time."

Monsieur Payan and his two daughters also paid us a visit. Monsieur Genest brought them up to the infirmary, and led them to my bedside. It was nearly two o'clock in the afternoon; and Monsieur Payan asked me whether any broth had been given me. Alas! monsieur," I said, "I have eaten nothing to-day, and it is a fortnight since

they have brought me any food." The good priest was ashamed to hear this before Monsieur Payan, and said, "I must go and scold the cooks; and, in the mean time, I will send you some of my own soup."

While he was away, I told Monsieur Payan of the cruel treatment which I suffered. He was much touched; and his young daughters kissed me, and wept to see my deplorable state. Their father offered me his services, and said that he would not fail to present a petition to the parliament of Grenoble that I might be removed from the hospital. I thanked him heartily; and he had only time to put his hand in his pocket, and give me all the money which it contained, before the priest came to call him away. When he was gone, I said to Mademoiselle Terrasson, "The Lord has provided for our necessities. I did not know what to do for money; and God has sent us some by the hands of this kind, good

gentleman." She answered, "He never forsakes his children." "That is true," I said: "we must fear him; for David says, 'I have been young, and now am old, and yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken. No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. We must call upon him in the day of trouble. He will deliver us, and we shall glorify him.'"

About that time, two or three of our sisters took the keys from the doorkeeper, and made their escape. The news was brought to us, and caused us great joy. But I also felt some sorrow; for they had been in the habit of coming daily to lift me out of my bed, and now I was left without help. "O God! have mercy upon me a sinner," I cried. "I am falling to pieces because of my sin, and those who used to tend me have gone away."

I begged that Louis Bla should be sent for to see whether he could do any thing to

relieve my pain. They went to fetch him; but he was busy at the vintage, and was not able to come till the next day. He treated me very roughly, and said that the running from my thigh would do me a great deal of good, as it would carry off all the venom in my body. He then put some lint into the hole, which caused me such intolerable pain, that Mademoiselle Terrasson, ill as she was, got up out of her bed, and took away as much of it as she could.

In the month of October, Mademoiselle Auberton, to whom I owe a thousand obligations, came to see me. She said, "I have brought with me a person whom perhaps you do not know." I looked up, and saw my dear mother! I had not seen her since the day that she had been dragged from my arms by the archers. She burst into tears, and cried, "Ah, sweetheart, how you have suffered and are still suffering! It is my sins that keep

you on that bed and increase your agony.” “Not so, my mother,” I replied: “it is for my own sins that I lie here. God does not punish the innocent for the guilty; and the soul that sinneth it shall die. It is the will of God.”

She clasped me in her arms, and wet my cheeks with her tears. I said, “Mother, I entreat of you not to grieve so. Let us thank God for allowing us to meet. I never expected to have the great joy of seeing you again.” As she continued to weep, I told her that I was not so ill as she fancied, for that I could move a little. Hearing this, she asked to see my wound; but the sight of it redoubled her grief. Mademoiselle Auberton, who also saw it, was quite frightened, and said that a surgeon must be sent for. They lost no time, and a surgeon soon came. He probed my wound, but it was so deep that the probe was not long enough. He said that an operation

was necessary ; but that it would be a matter of life or death, and he dare not undertake it alone.

Four days afterwards, at seven o'clock in the morning, four surgeons arrived ; and, having examined my wound, they retired, and consulted together till past twelve. Then they came back, and began the operation — but I must lay down my pen. The dreadful remembrance of the agony I suffered makes my hands tremble, and brings tears to my eyes even yet. My dear mother was with me ; but her tears and groans were so distressing, that she had to be sent out of the room. I passed a dreadful night ; and the next morning the four surgeons came back, not to dress my wound, but to see whether I were yet alive. I suffered nearly as much at the dressing as at the operation, and I could neither eat nor drink any thing for an hour after it. My dear mother brought me some broth. I forced

myself to take a little ; but I told her that I was much more in need of prayer, and begged of her to bring me paper, pen, and ink, that I might try to write to my godfather to entreat his prayers for me. I succeeded in writing the letter ; but it was agony even to hold the pen, and many times it fell from my fingers. I asked him to redouble his prayers for me ; and I told him that the great apostle could not reproach me, that I had not resisted unto blood, for God had given me grace that I had passed through all possible sufferings and gained the victory.

For the space of a week, the four surgeons came whenever it was necessary to dress my wound ; but, at the end of that time, the governors of the hospital said they would allow no one to attend me, except Monsieur Boyser, the hospital-surgeon. He caused me many tears ; for every time he came he attacked me about my religion, and said, “ If you will

recant, I will attend you for nothing, and have you cured in a fortnight, or, at the most, in a month." He used to argue with me ; though he was a most ignorant man, and took very little pains to do his work well. One day, his assistant came, instead of him, and dressed my wound so carefully, that I was made much more comfortable. I wished to have him every day ; but he told me that his master would not allow it, and had sent him only because he was too busy to come himself. When this cruel Boyser found that he could prevail nothing against me, he persuaded the governors to forbid my mother's visits. She came every day, in hopes of again being allowed to see me ; but her tears and entreaties were in vain. At the end of a fortnight, Boyser put a wash on my wound, which caused me such fearful pain, that, if a red-hot bar of iron had been presented to me, I should have seized it in my anguish. They made me

suffer incredible pain: the Lord lay it not to their charge. Boyser knew that talking made me worse, and therefore constantly began disputes with me. My dear sister, seeing that it increased my fever, tried to answer instead of me; but he said roughly, "I am not speaking to you." He also brought a book to help him in his arguments, and neglected the dressing of my wounds.

At such times, I used to pray to God to have mercy and pity me; but the papists interrupted me, saying, that I was doing wrong, and that I ought to address my prayers to the blessed Virgin, or to the saints, and not to God. I spoke so decidedly in answer to this, that Roulatte threatened to beat me.

Mademoiselle Dedeau, one of the governesses of the hospital, hearing that Monsieur Boyser was neglecting me, came one day to dress my wound. When she saw it, she

screamed with horror, and said, "Oh! how blessed you are to suffer so much and so patiently! If you were a Catholic, you would gain heaven by your sufferings."

"Mademoiselle," I replied, "God preserve me from your religion. As to my sufferings, my sins have deserved them; and far from meriting any recompense, even if we should do all the things that have been commanded us, we should be but unprofitable servants. Madame, I pray you have the goodness to admit my mother to nurse me." She refused, unless I would recant. I replied, "Madame, I do not believe that any daughter in the world loves her parents better than I do; but, in this matter, I love neither father nor mother, nor even my own life." But she still refused.

At this time, some order came from the king, in consequence of which, Mademoiselle de Leuze, on the payment of six pistoles, was dismissed at night from the hospital,

accompanied by another lady. Two or three more of our sisters got out in the same way, on making a similar payment; so that only Antoinette Besson and Mademoiselle Terrasson remained with me, and very soon after they also left. It grieved me to see Mademoiselle Tarrasson going out leaning on a crutch, crippled and bruised, and walking with difficulty. She was a great loss to me; for, notwithstanding her own sufferings, she used to manage to do many things for me, and under God I owe my life to her. My sole attendant now was the girl named Pourchillonne, who only worked for money, and even then grudgingly; but she fell ill, and I was left alone in the infirmary.



CHAPTER VI.

DELIVERANCE.

N the 23d of the same month, a priest came in and sat himself down at the head of my bed, asking me to what religion I belonged. When I told him that I was of the reformed religion, he immediately entered into discussion with me, and we argued for an hour or two. He attacked me about the supremacy of St. Peter, quoting the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Thou art Peter; and on this rock I will build my church." Then on the real presence. I was enabled, by the help of God, to answer him in a way which drew forth more commendation than I deserved. Most of our conversation passed very quietly; but, towards

the end of it, he asked me whether I thought the king was damned. I replied, that God was the judge of hearts, and not I; but that, if I were to go over to his religion, I should certainly be lost, for, knowing the truth, I should be more guilty than others if I did not follow it.

He told me that was bold language for a prisoner, and said, "I will have you put into a dungeon: for your ministers declared, at the last synod held at Charenton, that they could be saved in our church; and you hold just the contrary opinion." I answered, that that could not be true; for our pastors had given up all that was most dear to them in this world in order to profess the truth which they preached. At this, the priest began to abuse me violently, saying every thing that came into his head, and then went away in great wrath, threatening to come back again. I was very glad to be left in peace for a time.

The same day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Monsieur Clair of Beaumont, near Valence, who had been detained at the hospital on account of his religion, came up to the infirmary. He stood beside my bed, and said, "Take courage, my dear: you will soon be free. I have had the money for your ransom in my pocket for two days; and you would be out by this time but that the governors want to get more, and complain that the sum is not large enough." Exhausted though I was from severe pain, which my conversation with the priest had increased, I felt my heart bound with joy at this news. The next day I was moved to another room, where I remained till one evening, when Monsieur Genest came to ask me whether I could summon up courage to leave the hospital. He was very kind, and said that he would send some one to help me to dress, and that he wished no one to see me going

away or to know any thing about it. He himself lighted me to the door, and told me that I should not have been kept so long, but that my mother had not till now offered a large enough ransom.

It was on the 26th of November, 1687, that God thus delivered me out of the hands of my enemies. *Praise, glory, and thanks be unto him for ever and ever! Amen.*

I found my mother waiting for me at the door of the hospital. A relative of ours from Saint Paul was with her, also several other persons whom I will not name lest I should bring them into trouble.

I spent eight days at Valence, where I had daily visits from honorable persons of both sexes and of all ranks. It was great joy to my father and mother to have me with them again. I also felt it to be a great privilege to be once more in their company; for there were few like them in France. They had

always encouraged me during my sufferings, and exhorted me to perseverance whenever they had an opportunity of speaking to me. I have often seen parents who persecuted their own children, in order to make them recant; so I bless and thank God for giving me a father and mother who feared his holy name. It was a grief to them to see me in such a pitiable state, for they did not know how I was to be moved to Geneva. I was so ill, that I could bear neither to drive in a carriage, to be carried in a litter, nor yet to ride. However, as I was most anxious to leave France, I told my father that I would try to sit on horseback if a bag stuffed with something soft were tied to the pommel of the saddle, on which I could lean. In this position I left Valence. At every step, tears were forced from my eyes, and every stumble caused me perfect agony. My fever increased so much that we had to stop every

two or three leagues. Two persons lifted me off my horse, and laid me on a bed more dead than alive. I was much bruised by the pommel of the saddle ; for I had to lie down on it, not having strength to sit upright. Besides this, I suffered dreadfully from my thigh, so that we were often obliged to halt for eight or ten days.

Wherever we staid, I was visited by persons of all ranks and ages, who wept beside my bed, lamenting that they had not suffered for their religion as I had done. They gave me much praise, which I did not deserve; and said that I put them to shame. I answered, that, if I had remained firm in my faith, it was not of myself, but of God, who upholdeth whom he will ; and I said that they need not be in such sorrow, because there is balm in Gilead for those who have made shipwreck of their faith ; and that they must do like Peter, who, when he had denied his Lord,

went out and wept bitterly. I exhorted them to leave France, and did my best to comfort them.

Notwithstanding the great care which my mother took of me, I was so ill that we were a month going from Valence to Grenoble, a distance of only fourteen leagues. When it was known that we had arrived at Grenoble, many kind souls came to see me and to offer me their services, for which I owe them my hearty thanks. I had the honor of seeing at my bedside Madame la Présidente Dalière and Madame la Trésorière Vial, for whom I earnestly pray to God that he may comfort them in their afflictions.

At that time, I received a letter from my godfather, saying that he was in great trouble at hearing no tidings of me. He told me that I was highly favored, and had reason to glory that I bore in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ. I answered him, that

I had nothing wherein to glory save in the cross of Christ my Lord ; and that although it was true that God had bestowed great favors on me, it was not because of my own merits, but that his grace might be shown forth in the most unworthy.

After spending a month at Grenoble, we started for Geneva, and arrived there in four days, in February, 1688. I was received with marvellous kindness, many persons coming to comfort me in my afflictions, and cheer my heart with their love. May the Lord reward them ! Amongst others, I must mention Monsieur Vincent Sarrazin of Lyons, who brought me kind messages from Madame de Saussure of Lausanne. I shall pray for them all my life, that God may preserve them, and enrich them with his favor and blessing, until he takes them to their heavenly home.

At that time also my dear godfather came from Lausanne to pay me a visit. I was be-

side myself with joy at seeing this faithful minister of God sitting beside me, but it was a joy of short endurance.

In the month of May, I arose from my bed, and, with the help of a crutch, walked to the church of St. Gervais. It would be impossible to describe the delight which I felt at once more entering that holy place. The pastor, Monsieur Turretin, whom I look upon as a true ambassador for God, preached from a text so suitable to my state, that it seemed as though he had chosen it expressly for my consolation. Will you not agree with me in this, when I tell you that the text was Eph. iii. 13: "Wherefore I desire that ye faint not at my tribulations for you, which is your glory?" He made an application of it to the French prisoners, and then addressed those who had suffered for Christ's sake, speaking and praying in such a touching and comforting way that I never remember feeling so refreshed.

Some time after, I went to Saint Pierre, where I heard Monsieur Calendrin, that consistent minister of the gospel, who preaches by his life as well as by his sermons. As I was leaving the church, Mademoiselle Jacquet of Languedoc, whom I had known in prison at Grenoble, took me by the hand, and led me into her own room. When we were there, she said, "My dear, what tears you have caused me to shed, and how I have grieved for you!" — "Why so, mademoiselle?" I asked. She replied, "You know that I was sent to the hospital at Grenoble. At that time, Monsieur de la Rapine paid a visit there, and asked the governor whether he had any Huguenot prisoners. The governor replied that he had, and then asked La Rapine whether he had any. 'Yes,' said La Rapine; 'and I have two who are most obstinate, Jeanne Deleuse and Blanche Gamond; but they are treated more severely than any of

the others, and I give them hundreds of blows.' Two or three of us were present; and when we saw his horrid face, and heard these rough words, we went into our own room and wept, not only for your sake, but also for our own, because they threatened every day to send us to him if we did not recant."

On the 14th of May, 1688, at ten o'clock in the morning, my godfather, Monsieur Murant, that faithful shepherd to whom I owe so much, left this world to go up to heaven. It was a great sorrow to me, and made me feel that I had been leaning too much on an arm of flesh. But the Almighty God did not stop there. He sent me another affliction. On the 28th of September, the same year, news was brought to me that the Father of spirits had taken my dear mother away from this world. It was more than twenty days since she had been buried at Berne, and I was at

Geneva. This was a sad and unexpected blow to me, for I had not heard of her illness. I threw myself on my bed, with tears and groans, and cried, "O my God! It seems as if thou wert taking pleasure in afflicting me, and as if thou wert angry with me. Let me not be called Blanche, but Mara, for the Almighty has sent bitterness upon me. I know that it is because of my sins that thou chastenest me. With thee is righteousness, but with us confusion of face. O my God! I submit myself to thy will, and say with Eli, 'It is the Lord: let him do as it seemeth unto him good.'"

While I was in this agony of mind, I heard a voice beside me, asking what was the matter. It was Monsieur Pierre Gandy, a devoted minister of Christ, to whom I owe a great deal. He talked to me very kindly and prayed with me, sympathizing much in my sorrow. May God reward him for his goodness!

Before I close, I wish to add a word, lest it might be thought that I glory in the things about which I have written. But I call God to witness that it is not so. Shall I not humble myself before him for all the favor which he has shown to me? I still suffer much at any change of weather, from two great scars, which prevent me from lying on my left side; and I pray to God, if it be his gracious will, to recover me from this infirmity. But, if he judge otherwise, may he say to me, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness"! To this great God, who can do as he willeth, the Author of all things, and from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, to him I say, and to the Son and the Holy Ghost, be honor, glory, might, majesty, and dominion, from this time forth for evermore! To the King everlasting, immortal, invisible, be glory for ever and ever! Amen.

س



AUG 14 189

